

## In The Deep Of The Night

Rough Silk

Where the rich become the beggars  
and the wise become the fools  
some jaded heart may turn the page  
and start to break the rules

way beyond the distance  
the knaggy oaks of truth  
wake thoughts of resistance  
and send you on the loose

in the deep of the night  
with your face on the ground  
you'll learn to spit at the devil  
not to get pushed around

in the deep of the night  
when you gaze at the stars  
when the fogs cry "freedom"  
you'd better count your scars

maybe I'm sinner  
and maybe I ain't no saint  
but I know the ancient dreams  
of the bounded and the chained

slavery or justice  
holy preacher's fail  
but preservatived lust  
is getting outa jail now

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